

W. Henderson
Blair
T H E

M O R A L I S T ;

YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S

Entertaining Companion,

BEING

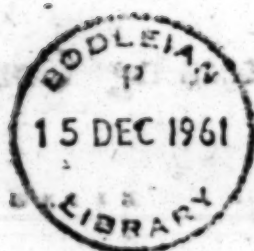
A COLLECTION OF MORAL
TALES, AND STORIES,

Selected from the best Modern Authors.

GLASGOW:

Printed for the BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCLXXV.



T H E
M O R A L I S T,

OR,

YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S,
ENTERTAINING COMPANION, &c. &c.

The Generous Friend, or, Unforeseen Alliance.

TO make others happy, is to be happy ourselves; beneficence is one of the cardinal virtues. * TALK Alcindor to Ergastus, his son: "It is one of the attributes of the supreme being. It is that which claims our reverence; and makes us the most sensible of his existence."

Alcindor passed for a philosopher, without making philosophy his study. Misfortunes sustained with constancy, an unshaken resolution, and an inclination for solitude, acquired him that vain title. Born in an age of dissipation, of dissipated parents, whose virtues were not equal to their titles; he had learnt at his own cost the condition of one who is abandoned to the most lively passions; and knows not how to restrain them.

Recalled from his wanderings, he became sensible of the danger of a neglected education, and was desirous of guarding his son against the temptations of

a number of insignificant beings, who followed no other guide but appetite. He was in no want of examples to enforce his exhortations; but he thought that the most striking, and what would make the deepest impression upon the imagination, would be the narrative of his own life.

"Ergastus," said he, one day, as they were taking a Tour in the park, at a small distance from his castle, "I am going to treat you in a manner that few parents treat their sons. I am desirous by giving you a recital of the follies of my youth, to put it in your power to make yourself a good man, that your old age may be free from remorse: few young men have this advantage. Listen to me with attention, may my words be engraven upon your heart, and always treasured up in your memory; and may my story be a means of preserving you from the snares which you will meet with from your contemporaries."

Young, rich, and my own master, I entered the world when I was about eighteen. Unacquainted with the allurements of flattery, or the politeness of fashion, I imagined I was transported into the regions of delight. Every thing gratified my senses, and I followed no other guide. I had a friend, but, unworthy of the sacred name he assumed, he plunged me in the abyss of voluptuousness. He was my only counsellor; his advice was an oracle; the most implicit obedience of infancy could not be more punctually obsequious to the precepts of a parent, than I was to the lessons of Philintus. In short, he was every thing.

I was soon taught to recognize no other desire but my

my passions; and to have no other desire but that of gratifying them. Innocence, virtue and beauty could no longer claim respect. We got ourselves introduced into families, where we made it our study to seduce those whom imprudence had exposed to our contemplation. Among others, whose fall effected the most was Callista.

She was charming, my son. Her heart was noble, her temper, her understanding, every thing about her was worthy of admiration, and irresistibly captivating. But what can innocence avail amidst the tumults of the passions; and the deceitful artifices of seduction? I gazed at her. She pleased me, and from that moment I thought of nothing else but to make her increase the number of my conquests. The most flattering proposals, attachment, flattery and tears, were presented to seduce this young beauty.

Three months elapsed without my perceiving that I had made the least progress. Exasperated at the opposition of Callista, I had recourse to Philistus, who at that time was a stranger to the passion I had for her. What I thought to be only rage, was love; I never suspected that this was my case; my vanity concealed my defeat from me. Philistus, on hearing of my adventure, clearly saw my condition; an honest fellow offered in this reply: 'Very pretty, said he, 'Alas! he is in love; seriously, in love! the object of his passion is a mere child; the ruin him; and he is despairing, though not beside a clear stream. To be serious, my dear, your brain is out of order. Go into the woods; make them echo with your sighs; and carve your lover's name on the bark of every tree; for

you are unworthy either of my advice, or my friendship. It is a great pity that you should be lost to the world; you set out well, and I had better hopes of you.

After this rallying he turned upon his heel, and went out. This reception chagrined me; I persuaded myself that he made use of this handle to break with me; I formed a resolution to seduce Calista, to convince this dilettanti, that I was more worthy of his acquaintance than he imagined.

That very night I planted my cannon, and was determined to be revenged of Calista and Philintus. I intended to triumph over the weakness of the too credulous fair, and then to leave her to the tortures of remorse. By this, my son, you may perceive the danger of the passions, and the misfortune of an ill-conducted education. We give only superficial accomplishments to our children, at the same time neglecting to form their hearts; virtue and reason, which only distinguish us from the brute creation, is either overlooked, or despised.

In prosecuting my base design, I hypocritically assumed the garb of virtue; by which means I imposed upon Calista, and her relations, and I even exposed myself to raillery on the occasion. My reformation gave me so much credit with people of character, that I was mentioned as an example for those of my own age. You would be surprised, nay, you cannot imagine how I dissembled; but your surprize will cease, when you know the world yourself, and you will then be of my opinion; that few persons really are what they appear to be.

Calista

Calista accustomed herself to hear me profess my love for her, she listened to me with attention and answered me with kindness; but her modesty would not suffer her to disclose her sentiments. One day I found her alone, and pressed her to make some return to my love. She lifted up her eyes to me, which expressed both inclination and modesty. 'Will you never keep company with Philintus any more?' said she in faltering accents. This question, which had no relation to our discourse, surprised and perplexed me. She perceived it: 'Answer me,' said she, 'but, no—do not. I had rather think you will not.' As soon as she had said this, she ran away. Her flight disconcerted me very much. This caprice, which I could not account for, chagrined me; I was resolved never more to see a raw girl, that seemed to be void of feeling.

Enraged with Calista, I had recourse to Philintus. I met him that very day by chance. Though it was somewhat disagreeable to inform him of the bad success of my project, the rage in which I was, forced me to disclose the motives for the virtuous conduct, which I had assumed. He heard me with patience, and when I concluded, embraced me. 'This artifice,' cried he, 'shews that you are worthy of my esteem. Why, with all my craftiness, I could not have played my part half so well. Nay, I was myself deceived by your reformation. I pined you a thousand times; and was really sorry for your weakness. But will you fling away the fruits of six months restraint? Calista is but a weak girl; she is in love with you, and a single moment may bring her into your arms. The question she has proposed to you, supposes

supposes that you must drop my acquaintance. I forgive her, but shall wait for my turn. Conceal our reconciliation from her with the greatest precaution. We will see each other in secret. Adieu, remember that your reputation depends upon the affair.

When alone, I was determined what course to take. I loved Calista more than I imagined; her tears, her despair, which I anticipated, overwhelmed me with confusion. But, alas! I had gone too far to retreat. I got rid of the impetuosity of reflection, and thought of nothing but securing the victim.

I saw Calista again, on the earliest invitation of her mother. She was ignorant of the distress, which she was going to bring upon her daughter. Notwithstanding all that I had heard from Phillis, I could not meet her without changing colour. I imagined that she could read in my very eyes the criminal projects which I had entered into. I found her melancholy; a sudden blush, an emotion, which she could not suppress, convinced me that I was not disagreeable to her. This conviction, instead of increasing my remorse, served to disperse it. I persuaded myself that she would at last owe herself obliged to me for teaching her how to shake off the yoke of prejudice.

My passion, which increased every day, forced me to leave no stone unturned to obtain a complete victory. Phillis, whom I saw every evening, stimulated me by his importunities. One day, being alone with Calista, as I was striving to extort from her the confession of her affection for me, a slight accident, which happened to me let me into the secret, notwithstanding her reservedness. I had spent several nights

in company with Philintus and some other friends. My constitution was rather delicate. A bleeding of the nose, proceeding from fatigue and debauchery, seized me in so violent a manner, that I found myself very much indisposed. Calista, being terrified, rung the bell, and called for her attendants, who were at that time fortunately from home, and she was alone, alone with me in this condition. On my recovery I found myself in her arms. She was bathed in tears. I perceived at that instant an inconceivable mixture of joy, pleasure, and shame. I snatched the hand of Calista, which she never thought of withdrawing, being ingrossed by other ideas. How happy am I! said I to her. Confirm my happiness; let one tender consent complete my felicity! I adore you. I have no other wish, no other view than to dedicate my life to your service. She made no reply, but her looks discovered her thoughts. I imprinted a thousand kisses upon her hand; which I still held between mine. The timorous Calista, agitated with an emotion which increased every moment fell backwards upon a couch, when one of her domestics entered. I was chagrined at his presence, and took my leave a few minutes after in so much trouble and confusion, that I could not tell where I was.

When I came home the idea of Calista, her sweet delirium, her credulity, and her tenderness, rushed upon my mind, and I thought it was a crime to take advantage of her innocence. My recovery was but of a short date, my unbridled appetite returned, I once more resolved that Calista should gratify my passion. I went to her house the next day, where, tho'

I found a great deal of company. I found means of having a *Tete-a-tete* with her. I was convinced of her affection, but had no regard for the purity of my own. To cut this narrative short, my son, she was in love with me, and loved me to her own ruin.

My attentions for Calista discovered our intimacy to our two families. They talked of uniting us; but the proposal alarmed me. My desires were now gratified. I started several objections. The mother of Calista, who was ignorant of her daughter's weakness, disgusted with the delay, which I caused, broke off the treaty, and forbade Calista to see me.

It was not long before this unfortunate lady repented of the sacrifice she had made to me. She wrote to me, described her situation, and used every method to secure my return. I did not condescend to give her any answer; nay, I had the baseness to expose her letters to Philintus. He published them. The distressed Calista retired from the world, and resolved to bury her shame and despair in the gloom of a convent.

Other intrigues served to obliterate the very name of Calista from my memory; there was no excess which I was not guilty of to avoid the ridicule of being thought religious or virtuous. I was guilty of so many, that I found myself under a necessity of quitting the capital and went to join my regiment. War was declared soon after; I was rejoiced at it, for my villainies began to disturb my repose. I endeavoured to signalize myself, not so much from a desire of glory, as to erase the remembrance of the crimes I had been guilty of. A letter which I received from Philintus, on his death-bed, made me detest my irregularities, and

and pay the fruitless tribute of remorse to the fate of Calista."

Alcindor was advanced thus far in his narrative; the remembrance of his debaucheries affected him with so much horror that he was not able to continue it, when he perceived Alcipus approaching towards him. — This visit surprised him, because for two years, in which they had lived in the same neighbourhood, they had made no connection. He recovered himself as he could, and went to meet him.

Alcipus, formerly a friend of Alcindor, had dutifully declined his company on account of the baseness of his character. He sincerely loved him, and always promoted his interests, even unknown to him. After his return to the paths of virtue, Alcindor was so much engrossed by his religious exercises and the education of his son, that he lived in the greatest privacy, without enquiring who belonged to the estate which was contiguous to his own. Some inadvertent mention of the revenues discovered that it belonged to Alcipus, but he did not venture to make himself known to him, and chose rather to give up his property.

Alcipus, after some compliments, taking Alcindor aside, told him ingenuously that the goodness of his character had made him wish to renew his acquaintance with him, and further, to unite their families, if it were agreeable. "We are neighbours," said he, "we have known each other for some time; our families may form an alliance together. With respect to fortune, I have more than enough to make your son happy. I have no regard for punctilios or false delicacy: it is but natural, that as you never visited me,

you

you could not be supposed to demand my daughter of me, and therefore I am come to give you a voluntary offer of her. My dear friend, added he, I have heard much of your son, I am in love with him; as for my daughter, she is not disagreeable, and I imagine they will make no bad match. If you will both of you come to my house, you shall see her, and I flatter myself that you will not reject the proposal I have made to you.

Alcindor made his acknowledgments to his friend; but as he was desirous of finishing his instructive history, or rather finding himself under a necessity of disclosing his distress and compunctions, he prevailed on Alcipus to spend the evening with him, promising to attend him the next morning. Alcipus consented they supped together, and spent their time in talking of things that were past. Alcindor let some few tears escape him, on which account they changed the subject of their discourse, and the night was spent in the sweet delights of friendship and gratitude.

It was scarce day break when Alcindor entered the apartment of Ergastus, who had passed one part of the night in reflecting upon what his father had disclosed unto him. The idea of the approaching alliance had disturbed him likewise, what frivolity; and the love of mischief occasions in young people, Ergastus experienced, but from a different motive. A mild reserved temper, assisted with an education, though not fashionable, yet at the same time founded upon rational principles, enabled him to form a right estimate of things. He was apprehensive lest a connection formed at his age, on the motive of interest, might render him

him unhappy; the benevolence of Alcippus charmed him, he was afraid of proving ungrateful, by refusing an alliance, or of being unhappy in uniting himself to a person whose character and disposition should be contrary to his own. These reflections disturbed him, when his father entered his apartment. After giving him some instructions relating to the visit they were to make, he resumed his narrative in the following manner.

I told you, my son, that Philintus wrote me a letter which deluged my eyes with tears. The poor man had abandoned himself so much to debauchery, that at four and twenty he could not help wishing for death, though he durst not procure it. In this crisis he came to himself, and repented his having been the ruin of a vast number of young men, who had too implicitly followed his pernicious counsels. When we are on the point of giving an account of our actions, the veil, which intercepted the sight of them, rends, and we are filled with horror; and the weakness of the body communicating itself to the mind, carries us in an instant from the excess of vice to that of a forced and involuntary repentance. The impossibility of making reparation for the evils which we have done fills us with terror, which of itself would be sufficient to accelerate our end. It was in this fatal moment that Philintus, terrified with the retrospect of his past life, sent for his friends, confessed the crimes he had perpetrated, and exhorted them to repentance in so pathetic a manner, that most of them, affected with the spectacle they saw before them, changed their conduct, and became illustrious for their virtue.

I was informed of the death of Philintus almost as soon as his sickness. The circumstances with which it was attended almost froze me with horror. I began to reflect, and I must confess that the apprehensions of meeting a similar end had as much influence over me as virtue itself. I turned my eyes within, I took a retrospect of my irregularities, I groaned at the villany I had been guilty of to Calista; shame covered my face, and despair got possession of my heart.

The peace which had lately been proclaimed, left me at liberty to repair to court. I returned thither very unlike myself. I employed myself in endeavouring to find out the unfortunate Calista. Some years were spent in the fruitless research, at length time abated somewhat of the poignancy of my remorse, and I yielded to the importunities of a family, of which I was the only descendant. I married your mother. Love did not preside at our wedding, my wounded heart could not harbour so sweet a guest. We were, however, united by esteem, and lived very comfortably, when my happiness was interrupted by the loss of your mother, who died a few hours after she had introduced you into life.

The remembrance of the crimes of my youth heightened the distress in which I was involved by the loss of a valuable wife, I should not have supported it, my son, if the hopes of being useful to you had not enabled me. I retired to this estate, where my whole study has been to form your heart to virtue. After the loss of a law suit, I struggled with other misfortunes. I should not have been affected with them were it not for your sake. The more I reflect upon

the propensity we have to evil, and the easiness which grandeur gives to the perpetration of it, the more am I thankful to the supreme Being for having reduced me to a mere competency. I thank him for your sake; it is at least a rock which I have escaped.

Alcippus, with an unbounded generosity, is desirous of repairing your losses, and wishes that our two families were united; I must say that I concur with him. Pay his daughter a visit; should she please you and her heart be disengaged, it is an alliance which will give me inexpressible transports. I beg, my son, that you would impart your sentiments to me with the greatest freedom: look upon me as your friend, as a sincere friend, who wishes for nothing more than your happiness, and claims no other right over you than that of approved friendship. Alcindor ceased speaking, and Ergastus, after returning him thanks, promised him the most implicit obedience.

Being joined by Alcippus, they accompanied him to his castle, where they were received by Amelia as persons whom she expected. Selinda, the companion of Amelia, assisted her in doing the honours of the table.

Some days passed in great festivity, during which Alcippus observed with pleasure the impression which the charms of his daughter made upon Ergastus. This youth kept his eyes constantly fixed upon her; his assiduity, his trivial attentions, which are important in love, meeting with an air of complacence, convinced him that he was not indifferent to her.

Friend I said Alcippus to Alcindor, let us leave the young folks by themselves, I have something to say to you,

you, and we will join them in the park. Ergastus gave his hand to Amelia, Selinda accompanied them. They walked sometime without speaking to each other, and Selinda, absorbed in melancholy, had no inclination to break silence. Ergastus, at last ventured to speak a few words, his looks and his expressions were animated; love itself could not appear more irresistible. He revealed his passion to Amelia with a force and energy, which could proceed from sincerity alone. The amiable fair one, being instructed by her father before, did not strive to conceal her feelings, and a modest, but ingenuous reply, insured the happiness of her lover.

Satisfied with each other, they beheld no other objects, and the arbour in which they were seated was a little world to them. Amelia, who till that moment, had seen none but her lover, recollected Selinda, rolled her eyes in search of her, and was surprised not to find her. She was disturbed at her absence, and was going in quest of her. "I cannot then ingross your attention, fair Amelia," said Ergastus to her in the accents of tenderness, "what are you afraid of?" Nothing, replied the inamorata, ~~there is~~ I have for you is a kind of security, or a pledge that you have the same for me. But Selinda is in distress, and demands my attention. She has no relations; and being entrusted to my father's care from her most tender age, she knows no one but him. Till this crisis she has lived a happy life; but an alarming discovery of her present situation has plunged her into the glooms of melancholy. I conjure you, Ergastus, to permit me to take her as my companion, and suffer me to keep her with me.

me as long as I live. Were you acquainted with her virtues! No virgin was ever possessed of more virtues than Selinda.

Charming Amelia, replied Ergastus, I shall never have any will but your's. It will give me the greatest happiness to contribute any ways to soften the pains of Selinda.

As they were speaking, they looked after her; but how great was their astonishment to find her in the arms of Alcindor, who, together with Alcipus, was bathed in tears.

My son, cried Alcindor, heaven has restored me my daughter, your sister, and the very copy of Calista.

Ergastus and Amelia looked at each other with surprise; but their surprize was superseded by the pleasure to find a sister in a friend, whom they loved so much. Selinda quitted her father's embraces for those of Ergastus and Amelia. They demanded with all the eagerness of curiosity how this discovery was made? I can inform you, my children, replied Alcipus.

Calista, preyed on by the most lively sorrow, had confidence enough to repose in me the secret of her circumstances, and her just apprehensions. Her parents were going to confine her to those gloomy retreats, which are dedicated for the reception of involuntary penitents. I formed the resolution of snatching her from their obduracy. I was acquainted with the superior of the convent, where she was to reside till her delivery. We concerted measures to rescue distressed innocence. The relations of Calista were so much blinded with rage, that it was no very difficult matter to impose upon them. A pretended illness and

death, which they seemed to hear of with pleasure; were the means we made use of to rescue Calista.— My sister carried her to the extreme parts of Silesia, where she has a small estate. The distressed fair was delivered of Selinda, and her sorrows put an end to her miseries. With her dying breath she conjured us to have pity on her orphan daughter, to conceal her birth from her, and make use of our utmost endeavours to inspire her with the love of a religious life.

We undertook this charge. I married a little while afterwards, and had Amelia. I brought them up together. The unwillingness of Selinda to take the veil obliged me to disclose some part of the fatal secret. She felt the distress of her circumstances, lamented them with the pangs of anguish, and persisted in her refusal. My daughter, whom I took out of the convent, begged me to let her be with her; I consented to her request with joy. By chance I understood that Alcindor had seen his error, and was become a convert to virtue. I knew he had a son, whom he had educated himself. I then conceived the design of marrying my daughter to him, and to prepare my old friend to recognize his (daughter.) My wishes are accomplished. I have but one condition to make with respect to my daughter's marriage, which is this; my fortune is considerable, I shall divide it between Amelia and Selinda: I offer my heart to the latter; her father gives his consent; and to be short, one word will unite all four of us together.

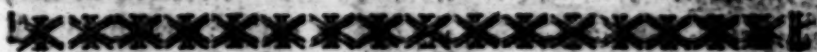
Alcindor, who had gone aside to avoid hearing the narrative of Alcipus, returned at this period, and asked Selinda if she would give her consent.

Yes,

Yes, my dear father, replied she, the obligations I am under to Alcipus cannot be compensated but by the most sincere affection and attachment I am ready to perform any thing you can command.

Alcindor, Alcipus, Ergastus, Amelia, and Selinda, embraced and congratulated each other on account of an alliance so happy, and so unforeseen.

The two weddings were solemnized without pomp, but with a general satisfaction. Alcindor retired to a solitary place, where he employed himself in regretting his dear Calista. He went yearly to visit his children, imparted to them the fruits of his meditations, and recommended to them, above all things, to remember his failings, that they might not only preserve their children from the same, but likewise all those whom providence should commit to their care.



INDISCRETION. *A Moral Tale.*

MISS Jeany Bradshaw was one of those figures which, without being very regular, had that something in her which seldom fails to please and charm. Born with a candid and virtuous heart, each day produced in her all the requisite qualities for making a husband happy. The pride, inspired by high life, praises, flattery, and still more the bad examples and wrong conceived maxims of the Lady, her mother, wife to Sir James Bradshaw, of an opulent fortune in Hampshire, soon corrupted her good dispositions. This Lady resided always in London during the winter season, and with

with reluctance quitted it even in summer, so few attractions had rural pleasures for her comparatively to the means that facilitated her gratifications in town. She was possessed with a singular mania of believing herself a fine wit, and greatly admired for her vast erudition. One time she was seen to enter the list, with a band of Literati on political, religious, and metaphysical discussions. Malebranche, Locke, and Newton, were favourite authors with her. Another time she prided in giving her patronage to every young adventurer in authorship of any kind; she read all the pamphlets, plays, and poems they brought her, and in the enthusiasm of her heart considered herself as the only arbiter of good taste.

Mrs Jenny assisted assiduously at the conferences held in her Ladyship's apartment. As she grew up, the inclinations of the mother gathered strength in her, but success was not answerable to her desires. She had some difficulty in expressing herself. Often, in the midst of a conversation, she would stop short, as bewildered. Forming two or three connected phrases was to her a painful business. A natural timidity still added to the embarrassment of her tongue. Nothing could vex her Mamma more than the poor display of her argumentative faculties: she did not cease preaching to her daughter, and in her scientific delirium would cite examples to her of some philosophic Ladies, and many others of the sex, who had distinguished themselves for their genius in a variety of composition. How can your frozen imagination, said she, receive no warmth, collect no fire from the reading of the works of such incomparable women? See what
glory

g'ory has crowned them ! will you, by indolent life add to the number of ordinary women, whose sole talent is to adorn women and to borrow from art charms which nature has refused them, or add to the number of those that waste their time and spirits amidst the obscure details of domestic occupation. A woman properly, is no otherwise commendable but by the extent of her wit and genius.

Such was Lady Bradshaw's manner of constantly lecturing her daughter. She was ignorant how dangerous it is to tamper at procuring too much wit for women. Nature calculated them for pleasing and not for becoming learned. A forgetfulness of the duties annexed to their condition is the fruit of a taste misplaced on sciences. The wanderings of the mind commonly produce those of the heart. A young Lady that seeks instruction, in the view of shaming as learned, is but too often instructed at the expence of her virtue.

Opportunity soon favoured the designs of her Ladyship on Miss Jeany. Mr. Reynolds, a young Gentleman of some rank, but of depraved morals, seemed to her the fittest person for inspiring her daughter with a love of the Belles Lettres. This Mr. Reynolds was one of those superficial beings that haunt all our gay towns and places of resort, yet able only to impose on the senseless and undiscerning multitude. He had something of a sprightly imagination, spoke with ease and fluency, and reasoned upon every thing without knowing any thing to the bottom. The reading of novels and plays was his principal occupation. He would descant on the merit of every actor and actress on the

the stage, and as a perfect connoisseur in theatrical matters, would enter into minute details of their justness or improprieties. He also pretended to be an adept in the doctrine of chances at any sort of game or diversion. Nothing could be more pleasing to him than the favourable opinion Lady Bradshaw entertained of his qualifications. For a long time he had been court- ing some notice from her, and he secretly aspired to Miss Jenny. He had already made some successful attempts in that way; but Jenny was a rich heiress, and himself had dissipated a good part of his patrimony; so that he had reason to apprehend lest the inequality of fortune might become an obstacle to his desires. How great was his joy, and how confident his presumption, when he saw himself permitted to give lessons to his dear Jenny. He profited of every occurrence in them that could be applicable to love (for his first lessons were out of romances and novels) to make the case her's and his own, and more especially, when a strained sensibility took place, all the sighs and raptures of Quixotism were adopted. Thus it was that this new Abelard and this new Eloisa spent the moments in amorous parley, which Lady Bradshaw imagined to be dedicated to study: "Mr Reynolds, said she, I find my daughter has a smoother and readier education since she has been under your tuition; her mind begins to open, and her intellects shew a more clear and lively conception."

Reynolds, with many flattering speeches kept the mother in her fatal delusion. He saw with pleasure the progress his young pupil made in the science of love. Now he tried what effect soft and tender poetry might

have

have on her mind. Ovid's Art of love and his Epistles were not forgot. To these succeeded some select passages from Tragedy. The young Lady's imagination became daily more heated. He was careful to dwell longer on the more passionate parts to give Miss Jenny a due feeling of them; she listened to him with avidity, and insensibly suffered herself to be wrought upon to give into all the snares of seduction. Already they wrote the tenderest billets-doux to each other. Their interviews and conversation were more frequent under the specious pretext of acquiring wit, and, the more they saw each other, the more they loved.

Sir James Bradshaw, a man of rough manners, and little or no learning, had however wit and sense enough to know his wife's foible. At times he would become boisterous, and fly out into passion against her, reproaching her tartly with her strange manner of conducting herself and family. He loved sincerely his children; was solicitous for their welfare, and did not look with so indifferent an eye as his Lady on the preposterous education of his daughter. On this account he expressly forbid her to receive Reynolds's visits. This order seemed to strike Jenny with consternation. Love had made too deep a wound in her heart. Nothing was capable of effecting her cure.

The impetuous temper of the Baronet, and the melancholy air of Jenny's countenance, were soon as presages to Mr. Reynolds that some storm was gathering against his happiness; and what confirmed him in his notions was the cold reception he had from Lady Bradshaw. She at length began to think that his assiduities to her daughter might be attended with

very

very disagreeable consequences. Reynolds had grounded his principal hopes on the confidence that blind mother had placed in him; however, as an expert man, and versed in the arts of intrigue, he schemed other measures to attain his end. He knew how Miss Jenny's heart was disposed; he was beloved by it, and he agreed with her, that it was best to desist from further visits; but, before separating, they concerted the means of keeping up an epistolary correspondence.

Reynolds appeared no more at Lady Bradshaw's assemblies, which indeed were now become less frequent than before. He wrote pretty often to Jenny, and strove to dispose her insensibly to private interviews. He knew by experience that love is irritated by difficulties, and that a young female, once going beyond the bounds of modesty; runs afterwards of herself to the precipice. Miss Jenny after many reflections, fears, uncertainties, and after having listened to and long struggled against the murmurings of virtue, yielded at last to her lover's solicitations. They saw each other as often as opportunities served, by the intervention of a waiting woman, to whom Reynolds, in the disguise of a country farmer, was to personate the lover. This stratagem succeeded from time to time with little or no interruption. In the country. Miss Jenny and her maid used to take their evening-walks by the recesses of woods, and along the banks of winding streams. Here too the industrious lover failed not to meet. Nature, gay attire, the melody of birds, the sweetness of the breeze, every thing, in short, painted for Jenny the scenes and the language of love. While the maid would step aside to gather some

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wild flower that caught her eye, the amorous pair would go astray, and often out of sight, in their agreeable solitude. Reynolds became more passionate and fond ; Jenny more adventurous and more weak. What will not an enterprising lover so circumstanced, attempt ? Jenny lost sight of virtue, and was defeated.

Reynolds applauded himself in secret for his triumph. His happiness appeared certain to him. A marriage so much to his advantage would repair the disorders of his fortune occasioned by the eccentricities of libertine youth. Jenny on the other side, soon became inconsolable. Her heart was rent, her mind distressed and depressed by all the remorse that commonly follows illicit pleasure and the loss of virtue. She dared not more appear before her mother, and how should she confess her fault to her ? To what reproaches was not she going to expose herself ? Her situation, however, did not permit her to disguise it longer : Each day the indications of her dishonour were more and more visible. Encouraged by the solicitations of her lover, she went trembling to her mother's apartment, and revealed to her the fatal secret with all the shame the acknowledgment of so bad an action usually inspires. Lady Bradshaw was highly incensed, and expelled Jenny her presence. She discovered, but too late, the dangerous illusion that had deceived her. Sensible of all her faults, she hastened in some manner to repair them by a marriage, generally disliked, and, in the sequel, very unhappy.

*An account of an unfortunate young Lady who was
betrayed by her friend.*

SIR,

IF your breast has any feeling for the distresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to communicate my unhappy story to the public. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease and plenty has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children.—Alas! that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us if one of them had never been born!—The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time lent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was in the eyes of a good father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas Mr Fitz Adam! she was too lovely.—The times I have watered her dear face with my tears at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form!

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She lived with us till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country, (who had lately buried his lady), to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to suffer us to hesitate long about parting with a child whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation; and till within a very few months it was our happiness and joy we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my husband a sum of money upon his bond, to free him of some small debts which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, Sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, and sometimes blotted as if with tears while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words.

"MADAM,

"MADAM,

"For reasons that you will too soon be acquainted with, I must desire that your daughter may be a stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to think too hardly of one whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire a post chaise, and take away your daughter. My father is from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you, and that I am, Madam,

Your very sincere friend,

and humble servant."

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not, inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning; and, in a fury of rage, insisted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and set out alone.

I travell'd all night, and early the next morning saw myself at the end of my journey.—O, Sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! she had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short I learned from the eldest of the
young

young ladies that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to Town to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity, and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, Sir the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful that I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this, Sir, had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my bosom. Alas! Sir, I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son and given him the most aggravated detail of his daughter's crime and his own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he has confessed to me this morning) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the

thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who, in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries which Heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion in all the agony of a fond mother's distresses. But O ! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will come too late : what is this honour, and what this justice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness ? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition I have set his duty before him ; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family, whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is commonly the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige me.

Sir,

Your greatly distressed,

but most faithful humble servant.

The Happy perseverance.

HOPE seems to have descended from heaven in the suit of love to console mankind in the evils which that deity occasions; she always attends upon lovers. She insinuates herself into their hearts. She warms their imagination. She multiplies their ideas. There is no beauty whom she will not promise to move; no coquettes which she will not pretend to fix; no obstacles which she will not undertake to surmount. She creates a delicious illusion which leaving the coldness of reality behind, gives you the enjoyment of many ages.

Ye who are now perusing this narrative, if invincible obstacles separate you from the object of your affection; if a constant but unsuccessful passion afford you no desirable prospect to console yourselves with hope: perhaps the next moment a fortuitous vicissitude, or some unforeseen event, may present you with that happiness after which you sigh. The lover should not despair; let the history of Salvador, son of the king of Ceylon, confirm this assertion. In one night he lost his father, his relations, and his kingdom. The Portuguese, who had lately made the discovery of the Indies, and conquered the island of Ceylon, sent him to Lisbon, where he struggled with new misfortunes to which he was exposed by love. Of all the Portuguese nobles who had shewed their civilities to Salvador, the count d'Almedovar was the most ardent

ardent in the pursuit of his friendship. This nobleman was rich, of great interest at court, but fiery, ambitious, of rigid virtue, too credulous in believing ill, an enemy to his own age and mankind in general, disposed to find fault, and imagining that others were not possessed of those virtues which he felt in his own breast. He was pushing for the vice-royalty of the Indies, and in hopes that Salvador might some day be of service to him, he omitted nothing to gain his confidence. He easily succeeded. The unfortunate run to meet their comforters, and kiss with transport the hands which wipe away their tears. Their connection became so intimate, that Salvador made no scruple of accepting a lodging with his friend. The first object which struck him was the daughter of his new friend; she was one of the greatest beauties in Portugal: it is impossible to conceive the charms and graces which Donna Isabella united in her person. Her air was noble and engaging, her figure majestic, her eyes full of fire, and her head adorned with jetty hair which she dressed herself in a word, she seemed to be some angelical existence that had descended from heaven.

Her father said, as he presented Salvador to her, My daughter, I present one of my friends, which I wish may likewise add to the number of yours. He has conflicted with great misfortunes; you will aid me in closing his wounds with the balm of consolation.

Donna Isabella made a vague but ingenuous reply, but Salvador was unable to utter a word. The sight of Isabella made a strong impression upon him, a sweet emotion

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emotion shook his whole frame? a glowing red suffused itself all over his countenance; his eyes were inflamed, and striving to fix them on Isabella, they lowered themselves as if unable to sustain the splendor of so many charms. He strove to raise them again, but they lowered themselves again. His soul intoxicated with the sight, seemed to have quitted him; he remained without motion, plunged in an ecstasy of delight. Such are the delicious moments which feeling hearts experience but once, and which those who are cold, or void of feeling, never experience.

Salvador found his heart wounded for the first time. A consuming fire, which circulated through his veins, informed him that he was in love; he shuddered at the event, but could no longer prevent it, a single glance had inflamed him for the rest of his life. It is the nature of great passions to be born in an instant. The count perceived his embarrassment, and imputed it to his reviving the idea of his misfortunes. He made him several very polite apologies, and in order to divert his thoughts, took him aside into his garden. "You are master of all my house," said he to Salvador; "look upon it as your own; esteem me as your parent, your age, and my friendship, vindicate me in assuming that title. I have but two children, they will be happy in looking upon you as a brother. My son is with his regiment; you have seen my daughter; her person is well enough; her soul is far more amiable. I have had the pleasure of educating her myself, and her improvements have more than recompensed me for all my cares. I should be glad to settle her before I sail for the Indies; you will assist me in the choice of a son-in-law.

The last sentence made Salvador quake ; it pierced his heart with a dreadful light, which discovered to him the dangers which attended his passion ; like a flash of lightening in a stormy night, which discovers to the despairing passenger the rocks and breakers with which he is surrounded. From that instant he was resolved to struggle against his passion ; but he struggled in vain ! It is in vain to wrestle with our fate. His inflamed heart resisted in vain the passion by which it was enslaved. The reflection he made to destroy his affection served only to increase it. He saw and conversed with Isabella every day, and drank from her eyes the fire which consumed him. The sound of her voice, or guitar, pierced his heart, the fragrance of the flowers which she wore in her bosom overpowered him ; all his senses were intoxicated with love, and his passion was never more violent, than when his feeble reason strove to suppress it.

Love made as great a progress in the heart of Isabella. Her eyes were fixed upon those of Salvador, and were rejoiced to meet them ; a secret anxiety made her uneasy in his absence, and the days which they passed together fled away like so many moments. The most intimate confidence was established between them. Their mouth was a stranger to the secret of their hearts, their eyes communicated their mutual thoughts and desires : and the pleasure of seeing each other, left them no other to wish for. That age must be very deplorable in which the sight of two young and innocent lovers should appear either strange, or chimerical !

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thing for its completion, but some circumstances which taught them the value of it. One day Salvador, with an heart and eyes full of tenderness, met with Isabella as she was going up to her apartments. The elegant disorder of her dishabille seemed to give a great addition to her charms. Never had she appeared to him with so much beauty. He offered her his hand, and trembled to receive hers. He grasped it softly. He thought he felt it tremble, and in his transport he glued his burning lips upon it. Isabella was in great agitation. She blushed, and retired.

Salvador, intoxicated with pleasure, was at length confused with the thought of his daring to offend one whom he loved : it was some time before he was able to appear in her presence. He dreaded her sight and he had reason for doing so. Isabella thought herself offended. Though she was not without feeling, she was nevertheless of rigid virtue; and the rashness of her lover appeared inexorable. However, chance offered him an opportunity of excusing himself.

The king's comedians had brought out a new play. The count d'Almodovar begged Salvador, who had been at it the first night, to give some account of it before Isabella and a numerous company ; the subject of the piece was a quarrel between two lovers, occasioned by an indiscreet salute. Salvador enforced the excuses of the shepherd with so much address and warmth, and described his distress in so pathetic a manner, that the company would have been displeased, had not the shepherdess granted him his pardon. Isabella perceived that Salvador was pleading his own

cause ;

cause: she was affected with his remorse, the turn he gave to his excuses, and with the glance from her eyes, assured him of his pardon.

The reconciliation which took place between them was productive of a shortlived happiness. A crowd of suitors flocked to Isabella; they were all suitable to her in age, fortune, and birth. Isabella was not a little disturbed at the applications which were made to her. She confided in the affection which her father had for her, as a means of avoiding an engagement which was disagreeable to her. But Salvador was in despair, from an apprehension of losing the object of his affections. He reproached himself for being an obstacle to the happiness of Isabella; for disturbing the tranquillity of a worthy family; for practising upon the affections of the daughter of his friend; and he was resolved to triumph over his weakness. He saw Isabella but seldom; but the efforts he made to conquer his passion flung him into a profound melancholy, and impaired his health. Isabella perceived it, and was greatly alarmed. She was resolved to run any risk to procure his recovery. She wrote him a letter, which she sent by a slave, whom she thought she could confide in. Salvador received it with an anxiety, which was not very favourable to his cure; it was to the following effect.

"Your condition makes me very uneasy, take care of yourself for my sake, and repeat this charming couplet which I sing with as much pleasure as sincerity;

"Effence gave birth unto our fires,

Friendship

Friendship increas'd the social strife,
 Love has crown'd our warm desires,
 I love,—and I shall love for life."

Salvador read this billet with transport; he bedewed it with his tears, and put it into his bosom. He was enjoying the happiness of pleasing the object of his love, when he was sent for by Isabella's father. On his entrance. "Dear Salvador," said he come and comfort your friend. I assure you he never had more need of it. You know my intentions with respect to Isabella, and the desire I have to settle her before I go to the Indies. Very advantageous offers have been made; I gave my consent to several, but my daughter refuses every one: tho' hitherto she esteemed it her greatest happiness to please me, yet she now opposes my intentions with a firmness which astonishes me. Her heart, which is full of ingenuousness and simplicity, seems to be affected with melancholy; perhaps it is not disengaged; perhaps some perfidious seducer—But away with so unjust a suspicion: it is in your power to clear up my doubts. Isabella esteems you; she may grant you that confidence which she refuses to her father. Sound her heart, read her soul, and if any sentiment, which ought to make her blush, has made too deep an impression, undertake her cure, and remove us both from an attachment unworthy of her and myself.

The count melted as he pronounced these words a few tears burst from his eyes, and he clasped Salvador to his bosom. Salvador, confused and dis-

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concerted with his address, reproached himself for the misfortunes to which he was privy. He was going to make a discovery, when the count thus resumed his discourse. " But you, my dear Salvador, who are melted with my distresses, what cause has augmented your own? You have fallen into a melancholy, which affects me very much; you drag on a chagrin which preys upon you: your health is impaired; I have till now avoided enquiring into the cause of your melancholy, but if it be in my power to afford you any consolation, the keeping it a secret is a crime in the eyes of friendship. Does my friendship cease to be agreeable to you? Has my daughter forgot the regards which are due to you? Have my friends or domestics neglected you? Have you suffered any considerable loss? Speak! my dear friends. My fortune, my life is at your service; you shall meet with satisfaction in every thing. Are you impatient on account of not being able to obtain that compensation which the king has promised? You ought to rely upon his promises, and I will do my utmost to realize them."

Salvador, pierced with so affecting an address, and ashamed to harrow up the soul of so generous a friend, was for some time in suspense whether he should not fall at his feet, and discover the whole affair to him; but he was apprehensive of making too deep a wound in his own heart; he conceived the rash hopes of banishing himself from the heart of Isabella, and to reconcile her to the views of her father. He pretended that the motive of his melancholy was his distance from his own country, the remembrance

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remembrance of his misfortunes, and several other circumstances which it was not in the power of the count to redress. He thanked him heartily for his friendly offers, and quitted him with a thousand protestations of gratitude.

In the interim, the slave who carried Isabella's billet to Salvador, had the indiscretion to read it; on reflecting upon the contents he was filled with apprehensions, and prostrated himself at his master's feet, where he confessed his crime, and discovered the contents of the billet with which he had been charged; and the confusion, joy, and transport with which Salvador had perused it. This impoisoned the breast of the father with jealousy, hatred, and fury. "It is this wretch then," cried the count, "that has robbed me of my daughter's heart, that has disturbed her tranquillity, betrayed his friendship, and violated the laws of hospitality! The wretch! with what artful arts did he wipe off the tears, which he alone was the cause of! With what perfidiousness did he receive my addresses! How calmly did he enjoy the fruit of his crimes! Bid him quit my house directly," said he to one of his domestics, and never dare to come there again?" In the height of his fury he wrote him the following billet:

"You have betrayed my friendship and confidence: quit a house of which you are the disgrace, and never dare to appear again in the presence of a friend, whom you have so cruelly offended."

The count d'Almedovar set no bounds to his passion, because he thought that Salvador had set none to his. The contempt he had for those of his own

times, and the ill-will which he bore them, were united against Salvador and Isabella. He might have easily been convinced of their innocence, but his natural ferocity, and the rigidity of his principles were equally hurt; and he ran the risk of doing an injury to his daughter, merely for the sake of a pretence for hating a friend. Salvador was overwhelmed with grief, but he resigned himself to his exile without murmuring against Isabella's father. He imputed his misfortunes to none but himself; he did not hesitate to seek an asylum far from the spot where the count resided, and he formed a resolution which he kept inviolate; which was never to disturb the repose of Isabella, or to augment the grief of her father by his presence.

Isabella heard of the departure of Salvador, without being informed of the cause. She durst not speak of it to any one, nor durst any one speak of it to her. At one time she grieved at the cruel usage, which she was apprehensive that he was unable to support; at another time she was offended at his coolness; she accused him of deserting her, and, if it were possible, of hating her. "If he loved me still," said she, would he not have contrived to see me? Should I not have seen him at church, or the public walks, or at the play? Would not love have inspired him with some expedients to assure me that he loved me still.

Notwithstanding Isabella constantly rejected all the offers that were made her, she artfully eluded the importunities which her father made use of to engage her to choose a husband. She knew that Sal-

vador:

vador ought to carry his point at court; that the king had honoured him with strong promises, and she hoped that if the favours he might meet with were any wise suitable to his birth, and the loss of his estates, he would soon be in a condition to offer her a hand, which her father himself would urge her to accept.

Salvador cherished the same ideas in his retirement. The image of Isabella was always before his eyes. He would not have wished, for the sake of Isabella, that she should think too much of him; but he could not but wish that she would not imagine him inconstant. He often repeated the song which she sent him, wrote it upon the sands of the Tagus, and engraved it upon the barks of the orange trees which grew upon the banks of that river. He dwelt with singular delight upon the last line.

I love, and I shall love for life.

He knew the inexorableness and the views of the count d'Almodovar: he could not flatter himself with a certainty of ever possessing Isabella; but at the same time finding no obstacles which might not be surmounted, his heart gave entrance to hope. He redoubled his applications to the king; and in hopes of obtaining some favour from him, which might make him nearer to Isabella in point of fortune, he frequently visited the ministers, and laid aside that air of importance which his birth and the justice of his pretensions inspired him with. Love, which melt the most savage, softened his temper. He became

without, importunate, if not a servile suitor; for nothing appeared mortifying to him, when compared with the loss of Isabella.

One day as he was at the levee of Don Diego de Mello, the Lord high-admiral, a lady whom he formerly had been acquainted with, and was waiting as well as himself to have an audience of the admiral, accosted him. She was an intimate friend of the count d'Almodovar, and had heard a part of Salvador's history, which affected her. Whether it were from curiosity, or compassion for his misfortunes, she spake to him concerning Isabella, informed him that her health was impaired more and more every day; that she constantly refused every offer which was made her, and at last, promised to introduce him to her, if she could do it without wounding either her discretion, or her delicacy. Salvador to closed the proposal with transport, and the day and place for receiving the answer were fixed. At the time appointed he flew to the place of rendezvous; but how great was his agony when he was informed, that Isabella heard his name mentioned with indifference, that she pretended to question whether he had any great desire of an interview, and that she at last ordered her to acquaint him that she was quite recovered.

Heavens! cried he, is it possible that Isabella should be inconstant, unjust, and cruel! Even though she ceased to love me, providing her indifference would have contributed to her health, I should not have complained; but to suspect that I was no ways interested in her health, to give me notice of her inconstancy,

constancy, to plunge the dagger herself into my heart, is such a shock as I cannot support ! I am determined to fly a place where there can be no feelings, when there are none in Isabella's heart.

He ran over every part of the inhabitable globe in idea in quest of a place to bury his grief in. But his choice was soon fixed, a secret, a natural propensity generally attracts us to our own country. He recollected, that amongst the Indians, who are in alliance with his ancestors, the Marattoes were the most numerous, the most courageous, and most favourable to his own views, because they were continually at war with the Portuguese. He was resolved to seek an asylum among them, and solicit a commission in their army. He soon informed them of his descent, and gave them proofs of his courage. The skill he acquired in military affairs enabled him to discipline their troops. Though he sought for death in every engagement, he met with nothing but glory. A man may easily become a hero who had no value for his life ! The Indians regarded Salvador as some celestial being, who was sent to protect their liberty and their country ; they imagined a sovereign who resembled him would insure their happiness ; and the unanimous voice of the nation placed him upon the throne. He ascended it with transport, in hopes of sharing it with Isabella.

I have, said he, at last a throne to offer to one, who is more worthy of it than any other. The absolute sovereign of my heart, she shall be so likewise of an extensive dominion ; but this dominion is rather too small, I could wish to be the king of the universe,

universe, to make her a more meritorious offer.

Salvador thus pleased himself with the idea of presenting a crown to his mistress. But he was perplexed for the means of obtaining her acceptance.

The war which the Portuguese carried on against the Marattoes, and especially the immense distance which separated him from Isabella, formed almost insuperable obstacles to his wishes. He imagined that Isabella was at Lisbon, and was under a mistake. She had traversed the ocean, inhabited the same continent as himself, and almost breathed the same air. The count d'Almodovar had at last obtained the vice royalty of the Indies, which he had solicited so long. He was at Goa, and fortified it with the greatest expedition, that it might be in a condition to resist the attacks of the Marattoes with which they were threatened. His daughter, still constant to her attachment, had accompanied him with an aching heart. She thought that she was flying from her lover, and never dreamt of meeting him in the midst of so shocking a scene.

Salvador had scarce taken possession of his sovereignty when he was obliged to strike a stroke which should decide the liberty of the Indies. At the head of a numerous army he ventured to lay siege to Goa, which was the capital of the Portuguese. It was fortified both by nature and art, but what fortresses can resist an invincible courage? That of the Marattoes bordered upon savageness. The resistance which the Portuguese made augmented their ferocity, fury and rage took possession of their breasts, and with a generosity they demanded to be led on to the assault.

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Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Marattoes, they surmounted every obstacle, forced the ramparts, and hewed down all before them. In an instant the houses were pillaged, the streets flowed with blood, and horror spread itself every where.

In this terrifying confusion Salvador could not be heard, he endeavoured in vain to stop the enraged troops. He knew not the viceroy, he was ignorant of the danger to which Isabella was exposed; he had no thoughts of the cruel spectacle which was to torture him. Excited solely by the meltings of generosity, he endeavoured to save the governor from the fury of his troops; he ran to his palace; but the gates had been already forced. The Marattoes had penetrated to the apartments of the viceroy; his domestics were massacred in his sight; he himself made but a weak resistance. His daughter, rendered still more affecting by her beauty, confusion, and youth, rushed between the soldiers and her father, to shield him from their attacks, and intercept that danger with which he was threatened. The obdurate wretches were going to sacrifice her; their battle-axe were lifted up, when Salvador entered, and recognizing Isabella, flew to her as quick as lightning, and parried the blow which was aimed at her. Stop! my comrades! cried he. The Marattoes fell back, astonished at his words, and Salvador prostrated himself at the feet of his mistress. Isabella, who could scarcely believe her own eyes, fell in a fit into her father's arms. The count, who supported her with one hand, attempted to push away his generous friend with the other. The Marattoes, affected with this scene, retired.

ed with respect. Isabella opened her eyes again to inform herself whether her happiness was real.

As for the count, who was still implacable, he could not but behold with horror one whom he looked upon as the greatest enemy he had in the whole world. He would have discharged his whole rage upon him, when Salvador prevented him, by saying, that he never had betrayed his friendship; that he must confess he loved Isabella; that he loved her still, but that he never had the rashness to avow it to her. In a word added he, my views are honourable; I am the king of the Marattoes, and I can in offering my hand to the charming Isabella, give her a share in one of the most considerable kingdoms of the Indies. In granting my wishes you will restore the happiness of one who has always been your friend; and you will at the same time for ever reconcile the Portuguese and the Indians. I scorn to take any advantage of the victory which has endangered your life. I give up my conquests. I restore to the Portuguese the country which I have taken from them. I will give them more if it be requisite;  in one word, I leave you free, and more free than I am.

The count, overcome by the generosity of Salvador, ashamed of having even denied him his friendship, begged him to forget what was past, and gave him his daughter with joy. That of Isabella and Salvador was inexpressible. That their happiness might meet with no farther delay, the next day was fixed on for their marriage.

The confusion and carnage immediately ceased.—
The alliance of Salvador and Isabella reunited the conquerors

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conquerors and the conquered. The Marattoes consented to the restitution of Goa. The count d'Almodovar appeared confused at the injury he had done his children.

Salvador could give his attention to no subject but his mistress, could scarce believe his own eyes, and imagined that what was transacting was an illusion. As for Isabella, whose joy added new charms to her beauty, she gazed at her lover, embraced her father, and as she approached the altar said to herself. *I know that constancy and perseverance lead to happiness.*

History of Dorantes, A moral Tale founded on fact.

DORANTES was naturally well disposed, and full of sensibility; but losing his parents in his infancy, he was intrusted to the care of mercenary tutors, who regarded their salaries more than the improvement of their pupil. I need not say that their abilities were not very great; it cannot be otherwise where persons are void of *sentiment*.

Dorantes despised his tutors and consequently conceived a very high opinion of himself, and was obstinate in all his desires.

This character grew into a habit by the time when a person enters into the world, and chooses his manner of life for himself.

Honoured with a military post, as soon as he was able to enjoy it, Dorantes was introduced to Lucinda, her house was the receptacle for all those
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that were desirous of studying the *taste* of the day, to seize the fashion of the moment, or figure in the art of pleasing.

Instead of submitting to the general *ton*, Dorantes would not adopt it till he had seen how it would take for one month, which was the way of never submitting to it.

To brave the torrent of fashion, to make it the subject of satire, is mere singularity and folly; though the person who does this may be laughed at, yet he is excused.

What the world could not forgive in him, was his obstinacy in his sentiments, and the positive manner in which he defended them against his superiors, I mean those who had gained an ascendancy in society.

This pertinaciousness may sometimes be found in the company of truth; but yet it is no proof of it: for error has had its martyrs. Dorantes never quitted an opinion which he had adopted. Persons of such a temper may at first be sincere, and though afterwards they are undeceived, yet their vanity will not suffer them to confess it.

Those who were in the right in their disputes with Dorantes, contested themselves with bantering him on account of his oddities; for superiority is indulgent. Those who were in an error, and were for destroying the veil of error in his company, were not quite so easy; on which account he was frequently engaged in some affair of honour.

For instance, he broke with Medor, one of his friends, only because he had not so high an opinion

as himself, of an eminent actor. Dorantes grew warm, and they drew their swords; the engagement was not a very bloody one, they came off slightly wounded but yet, it might have been attended with more fatal consequences.

Though they strove to bury their duel in oblivion, yet we know that secrets of this nature cannot be kept from the knowledge of our acquaintances; the news is spread with a sing'g hint, and the world is soon in possession of them.

The blame was universally laid upon Dorantes. Lucinda was affected with it. "It is a pity," said she to herself, "that a man of honour, and one whom I have entered into my list, should ruin himself at the beginning of his career." Come, my dear Cloe, I will prepare a triumph for you. Love must reform him — nor is there a greater master."

This proposal was agreeable to her wishes; Lucinda could not have made a better choice. Cloe knew how to set off reason without giving up any of its rights. It is frequently represented as surrounded with thorns; if the road to it be difficult, it is only owing to the guides.

It was by this secret charm that Cloe acquired an ascendancy over Dorantes; subdued by her graces, he thought that he yielded only to her arguments.

As it is impossible to draw the character of Cloe to perfection, I shall only add that her beauty was the general subject of discourse among the other sex, and that her good friends among the ladies, could find but one defect in her; though her rivals thought she had two. "Her eyes," said the latter,

are expressive of tenderness, when they ought to express indifference; and the colouring of her complexion has too near a resemblance to that of *ast*, on account of its being too glaring."

Cloe soon received a visit from Dorantes: he endeavoured to efface, by his presence, the reports which had been spread of his duel. "What here already!" cried she; you have very little value for your health."—"My health!" replied he; I do not understand you."—"Dorantes, resumed Cloe, none of your evasions; preserve your ingenuousness, especially as it will not become *diffidenc*, which is a great thing in your favour."—"Well," answered Dorantes, I will confess. I have had an affair; yet I was but slightly wounded; will you blame me for shewing that I did not want for courage? It is the inheritance of those who are in the army."—"It may be so," said she, but politeness is their inheritance likewise. What was the cause of the rupture between you and Medor? You admired the expression, the fire, and sensibility of—the actor, and I cannot but say I have the higher opinion of your taste for doing so. Medor who is more phlegmatic than you, admires him without enthusiasm; in the name of good sense was there any reason for your falling into a passion on that account? Dorantes, you are confused and silent then that you are sorry for it?"—"Madam," answered he, they only show my *astonishment*; I could not have imagined that violence would appear as a crime in your eyes."—"I have told you," replied she briskly, that I have no objection to violence I only object to the abuse of it; blood should never
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be drawn in a dispute on *taste*. Repair your fault — You may do it without any prejudice to your character. Confess to Medor that you attacked him without grounds or reason. — What would you have me do? cried Dorantes. No, I shall not dishonour myself. A concession of that nature would only expose me to fresh insults. — Perhaps I may have been in the wrong, Ah Madam, what an expression have you extorted from me! This kind of confession was all that Cloe could draw from him; and he was sorry that he had made it.

We are very partial to ourselves, and are offended with those who do not flatter our prejudices. Hence Cloe displeased Dorantes by the very effronterie which ought to have increased his love. She censures my conduct, which is a sure token that it is worthy of esteem: for nothing but what is intrinsically valuable is deemed a proper object for criticism, well I shall leave these censurers to themselves, and I am determined to begin with Cloe, she is like others carried away by the stream of vulgar errors, and ready to give her sanction to every thing that is in fashion; she may indeed have too much sense to differ from me in opinion — but she seems at present only to flatter those that are my enemies.

To renounce our present connections is to reduce ourselves to the necessity of contracting new ones: Dorantes experienced the truth of this observation. A character like his, and an opulent fortune, open a favourable prospect to those who strive to extricate themselves from their difficulties by their

officiousness, and substitute the most servile compliances and intrigue, in the stead of honest labour for their support.

Among those with which he was surrounded, no one surpassed Damis in *fineſſe*. Employed incessantly in developing the foibles of humanity, sensitive to their motions, their conversation, and their very looks, he turned all the light he required to his own advantage. Persons of a positive disposition are fond of applause; this was the instrument which Damis availed himself of; far from opposing his opinions to those of Dorantes, he cried up their sublimity, and revered them as much as a critic does one of the Greek or Roman classics.

At the first show of flattery Dorantes was shocked; but where is there a man who can resist the second? The heart becomes an accomplice to betray us and if we aspire at public applause, we are in part seduced.

To dispute every inch of ground with address; to oppose or comply with the public taste, was the artifice which Damis employed on this occasion. "I must bring you acquainted with a young lady from the country, whose relations have committed her to my care," said he to Dorantes, and he added, "she is tolerably handsome, you shall form her, and be her instructor."

Dorantes, prejudiced in favour of Clarinda's character, perceived nothing but simplicity, where others would have discovered *fineſſe*, and was enchanted with her person, which he had given them but a faint description of.

Not that her person was equal to that of Clorinda, but there is a great deal of partiality blended with the judgment we make of beauty. We frequently depreciate in private those charms which others applaud with the greatest warmth, and commonly fall a victim to those which others prize by unobserved. Were it not for this opposition from partiality, to the general taste, two or three persons would ingross every one's adoration, and the major part of the sex would not have a single heart left for them.

Be this as it may, the affection of Dorantes fluctuated between the two Belles; but when he found himself applauded by Clarinda, when he contrasted the captivating notes of adulation with the grating sounds of reproof, it admits of no doubt to which he gave the preference. A siren obtained the prize which he refused to wisdom.

Clarinda easily got the ascendancy over him, and extended her designs upon him. At first she confined herself to raise contributions from his purse, to obtain furniture and jewels in concert with Demis; but considering the impression which she had made she aspired to the honour of being his wife. "Certainly, said she to Demis, he shall be my husband; . . . pray do not laugh at me, I have some scruples, I intend to die an honest woman. It is my fancy to try all characters; to say no more, my probity is well known to you; I am indebted to you for the rudiments of love, and I shall be faithful to my master."

Clarinda had two difficulties to struggle with;

her poverty, which is a very great obstacle in these days; but that was nothing in comparison with the whispers which were spread against her character. She had never thought to make a secret of the latter; and as the very suspicion of infidelity will sometimes set aside a marriage, how was it possible to accomplish her design, when a thousand witnesses deposed against her? How was it possible to smother the rumour of sin? At first, Glorinda thickened the crowd, which hid Borahes from the public view; she excited in him, by artful insinuations, an indifference to those who were of the same character as herself; she persuaded a man, who was already discontented, that the world was full of criminals; whether more from indulgence or truth, she added that faults seldom proceed from the heart, but almost always from frailty, prejudice, error, or ignorance; for it is the interest of the bad to depreciate human nature, and bring it down to their own level.

After having given an unfavourable picture of those who were not her friends, Glorinda's grand secret was to inspire her lover with a liking of modest and discreet appearances, and to feed his love by little liberties. To secure the former she made choice of those situations where a person may risk every thing without too much risk; to procure the other, she tempered by her discourses, the ardor which she had excited; she made him contented in receiving small favours, by giving him a prospect of obtaining still greater; that at the same time as she inflamed his desires, she chained them with hope; and

and from the whole of her conduct she was a *re* bent to keep his love alive, and to preserve his esteem.

Dorantes would readily have proposed marriage; had it not been for the excessive pretensions of Glinda. But she had pointed mankind in so disagreeable an attitude, that he was afraid to furnish new victims, and add to the number of the dopes; or the bad.

However, to hasten the catastrophe, Glinda changed her battery. She became reserved and scrupulous. She never received Dorantes without lamenting the force of the passion by which she was attached to him. She assumed an external appearance of devotion; and after having prepared him by these artifices, she declared that her virtue, honour, conscience, and the advice of persons of the greatest piety, obliged her to take refuge in one of those asylums of innocence, wherein that time is dedicated to prayer, which others dedicate to pleasure.

Dorantes entreated, conjured, made a hundred protestations of affection and concluded with a promise of leading her to the altar.

If Glinda had but consented, if she would have applied for a licence which would not have been refused her, instead of hands, nothing could have added to her triumph. But she employed that time in affected delicacy, which ought to have been employed in more material affairs and the lot fortune flung out of her hands, while she was contemplating it.

This news was not long in spreading all over the place. Dorantes's former friends, shocked by an example

simple which might have a contagious influence, endeavoured to dissuade him from the match.

This was no proper time for truth to be heard; always prejudiced with his own ideas, he shut his heart to her whispers; he was approaching towards a precipice; his feet tottered upon the brink of an abyss.

Dorantes, now become the jest of the town, and valuing himself more for that very reason, was to have been married in a week's time. Happily for him, Clarinda, who was near the end of her labours, and held the palm in her hand, grew tired of a dissimulation which appeared of no farther use, and which is always difficult to support. Dorantes saw, as well as the rest of the town, that he was her dupe; and that she treated him more like a husband than a lover.

It may be thought incredible; that she could not have held out one week longer. They who think so, forget conquest infatuates, and that no one is nearer a fall, than he who has arrived at the summit of grandeur; but even they should have reason on their side; yet I cannot sacrifice the truth of history to the false delicacy of the age.

This alteration in Clarinda's behaviour removed the bandage from the eyes of Dorantes. He compared what he saw now, to what he had seen, and to what he had heard. Scarcely awaked from a long lethargy, and freed from illusion, he had recourse to his friends and owned for once in his life, that advice was necessary. Truth, which had been long smothered, burst out on all sides, and the unhappy lover

was entertained with several anecdotes from the *Scandalous Chronicle*.

I shall not attempt to describe his feelings. Those who have experienced such disagreeable situations, can conceive them well enough, while others cannot form any idea of them. The image of Cloe revived in his imagination; he thought he had offended her too grossly, to recover her esteem, or expect her forgiveness. Fluctuating thus between love, which attracted him to her, and shame, which kept him at a distance from her, he was informed that she was gone off with another man. The manner in which this event was described, was somewhat remarkable. The ladies who gave this information were no great friends to Cloe, because she eclipsed them. They said, "they saw her by herself in a lonesome place; after which they saw a gentleman accost her, who led her away." All this was true; but they should have added, that Cloe prostrated herself at the gentleman's feet and was bathed in tears. But the eye of jealousy can perceive nothing but what flatters its wishes.

When this anecdote transpired, Cloe was vindicated by some; others said, that this event gave them no surprise, as it was suitable to her character, "and some who were more bold, said they foresaw it. Dorantes was determined to search this affair to the bottom, and to snatch Cloe from her troubles; for her virtue was never suspected by him. But he knew not what course to take. After many a tedious enquiry, he discovered that a vessel had lately sailed from Dieppe, for the island of Jersey, having on board

board a young lady who was very handsome, who no one was permitted to see, and that she was a prey to grief. With this glimpse of light, he set out; no sacrifices are too great to one who would be a protector of female honour, and is desirous of delivering his mistress, and meriting her love. He landed. Heavens ! what a sight ! He met Medor conducting Cloe to church.

"Condescend," said Medor to him, "to be present at the union of two lovers, who are going to vow an incessant fidelity to each other." The priest was ready, and going to begin the ceremony, when Cloe cried—, "Stop ! Stop ! do not be guilty of sacrilege ; deliver me from his impious hands ! Oh, deliver me !"——At this crisis Dorantes discovered himself ; the thunderbolt which strikes a person dead in the middle of a feast, could not cause a greater astonishment. Cloe alarmed at this interposition, uttered many an exclamation of joy. Medor knew not where he was, what he was doing, or what he said ; every motion indicated the greatest perturbation and confusion ; he muttered some inarticulate sounds, he confessed his crime, and quitted the island with the greatest precipitation.

After this Dorantes ran into Cloe's arms. The chagrin which he had occasioned, was eclipsed by the important service he had rendered her. His fault was being positive and obstinate ; but misfortune, which works many a change in the human heart, wrought one in his ; and love which sweetens is forgiven his. Dorantes married Cloe, and was happy with her to the day of his death.



Story of Ambition

SIR,
AMONG the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and instructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madness of ambition: which, for the benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present situations I beg leave to illustrate, by giving the history of my own life.

I am the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the university, where I learnt — not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated into the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to ignore my wealth to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that except a secret private hankering after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a sigh when a coach and

and six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can assure you, that though our family economy was not much to be boasted of, and, in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great straits and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation than I have ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to; and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind; for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy who was the delight of my heart, and who probably, might have been spoiled by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution, but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to those, who have nothing else to think of, are almost insupportable, were less so to us than to persons in easier circumstances: for it is certain truth, however your readers may prefer to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in
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the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since: for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little economy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave my boy made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others; but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expenses, which we had neither prudence to foresee nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those

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which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed, inasmuch that we souped ourselves in a very short time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it advisable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expense along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when, by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendour of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties; but no sooner were they become habitual to me than I lost all manner of relish for them; and I discovered, in a
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very little time, that by having nothing to wish for I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew pallid by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the country, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side; but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me, and to go greater lengths in it would undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thoughts of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we intrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At

night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, Sir, is my history ; and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness, and absolute want, are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life ; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

The only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased heaven in its wrath to make me a King.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

and most humble servant,

A. B.

History of Sir Harry Prigg.

NOT long since, I met at St James's coffee-house an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Prigg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about Town many

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my years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old schoolfellow, Sir John Jolly. I answered, that I had last summer spent some days with him at his country seat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a person of more fashionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing, from its excess of gaiety and hospitality, which, according to my unpolite taste, were by no means consistent with the soft and serious pleasures of a rural retirement. He said, he perfectly agreed with me in my sentiments, and passed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was sure, would exactly suit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment, adding, that he should go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not so much out of inclination as curiosity to see a new scene of country life, formed on principles so opposite to what I had before experienced, and promised to attend him at the time appointed.

But, first, it will be proper to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title and a small estate, and was soon after sent to the university; where his title absurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his estate, though small, an allowance sufficient to support that rank at that place, he there contracted an inclination of grandeur, and a pert kind of self-importance, which he has ever since retained, and which neither poverty nor solitude has been yet able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired

the usual advantages of that sort of education, such as the arts of sporting, roasting, billiards, and coachman-ship, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had address and qualifications sufficient to introduce himself into what he still calls the best company; that is, the company of smarts, bucks, jockeys, and gamesters: nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he soon commenced an intrigue with the sister of one of these his friends. Whether his intentions were at first honourable is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them so, being acquainted, that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with; and that he must either fight or marry: the latter of which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high; and, being the younger daughter of the younger son of the first cousin of an Irish baron, looked upon herself as a woman of quality. In a little time Sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry, and she no less despised him for being compelled: so that finding little happiness at home, they were obliged to seek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming tables, at no small expense. This could not continue long; so that before one winter was at an end they discovered that the town would not agree with them, and so retired to their country seat, about forty miles from London; whither I shall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the post chariot at the door, and my friend standing by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the box; saying, at the same time, that coachmen were such insolent and expensive rascals there was no keeping them; and that therefore he always chose to be his own. In the parlour sat my lady, and Colonel Macshane, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with Sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; and in the passage stood her French woman, in a sack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myself, with her woman on low stool at our feet, were stuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a sniveling footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expense of either a stage-coach or a waggon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves and her ill state of health; to which, having no expectation of a cure, I paid little attention. They both declared that nobody but a carrier could dine at an inn, therefore they never stopped on the road; so with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a halt, about sunset we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post: for Sir Harry frequently

frequently declared to us both, that though his friends were never welcome, he entertained their horses; that it was not the fashion of that country; neither my Lord——, nor the Duke of——, nor himself, did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had mead, which passed for tokay, and elder wine, which Sir Harry swore was the best Burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us, that when the smoke of London, and the bad hours incident to keeping good company, would no longer agree with his own or his wife's constitution, he had determined to seek health and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been offered indeed a seat in parliament, and a considerable employment; but his crazy constitution would not permit him to accept of the one, nor his sound principles of the other.— Retirement was their object therefore all they dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a country neighbourhood: but this they had happily prevented.— That indeed, on their first coming, every family within ten miles roared, tormented them with their impertinent visits; but they returned none, affronted them all, and so got rid of them. Don't you think we did right, my dear? turning to his wife,

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I think, answered she, in a surly and dejected voice, that it is better to forget the use of one's tongue than to converse with squires, wives and parsons, daughters. You are right, Madam; added the Colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh; for what can one learn in such damned company? To morrow, says my friend, addressing himself to me, you shall see that we want no company, and that we can sufficiently amuse ourselves with building and planting, with improvements and alterations, which I dare say will be honoured with your approbation.

Accordingly the next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished; my lady and the Colonel retired into her dressing room to cribbage, and Sir Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close by it are a few tame deer impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a goose common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable acra of English architecture, which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimnies; and of gardening, which projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and strait lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron pallisades, and leaden images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contracted, that you have scarce light enough to find it if you will pull it off. In the midst of the front one large bow window is

stuck.

stuck on, resembling a piece of whited brown paper
 plaistered on a broken nose ; and a great room is ad-
 ed behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited,
 would make all the little ones appear still less : but
 having never yet been finished, for want both of
 cash and credit, it remains at present only a reposi-
 tory of broken china, a pair of back gammon tables,
 and the children's playthings. His brick walls are
 converted into chimnies and ovens, and his yew trees
 supply them with faggots his iron work is sold to
 the blacksmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber
 for the pious use of covering the parish church ; his
 gravel walks are sown with grass; and he frequently
 repeats that frugal, yet genteel maxim, that sheep are
 the best gardeners. His horse pond being made ser-
 pentine, is become useless, lest it should be trode up;
 and his fences, being all Chinese, are not fences at all
 the horses leaping over, and the hogs walking un-
 der, them at their pleasure. The transplanted ave-
 nue is expiring in leafless platoons ; the kitchen gar-
 den, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs from
 the house ; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out
 of doors for smelling of victuals ; a crime of which
 it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole
 country.

When our survey was finished our amusements
 were all at an end ; for within doors the pleasures
 both of society and solitude were equally wanting.
 Of our conversation I have given a specimen ; and
 books there were none, except a small one contain-
 ing tunes for the French horn, belonging to Sir
 Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle,
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and a Methodist prayer book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend Sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong beer there was none; and the small, though no body at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills were paid only by a wrangle, or a draught on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour near, except the parson of the parish, and Alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from Sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelled with them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of Sir Harry and the alderman had a much better to dispose of. By the encouragement of these good neighbours, and their own ill conduct, consisting of a strange mixture of insolence and avarice, of meanness and magnificence, they were despised, persecuted, and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poisoned, their game destroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay stacks set on fire. They were hissed and hooted at; and now-and-then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an insult at which they

they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither Sir Harry nor my lady, not even with the assistance of the Colonel; could ever guess at.

I soon grew weary of this land of contention and unquietness; and having recourse to the old excuse of urgent business, I took my leave and went post to Town; reflecting all the way with surprise on the ingenuity of mankind to render themselves at once miserable and ridiculous; and lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural life are now scarce any where to be found but in pastorals and romances.

History of Sir John Jolly.

HAVING been frequently pressed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine estate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis for the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no taste) is not yet defaced with improvements. On my approach I abated a little of my travelling pace to look round me, and admire the towering hills and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods and spacious lawns,

lawns, which, gilded by the sunshine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the fall of waters, and the melody of birds,

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to Town, by a prosecution in the King's Bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman, of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits, a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament by his interest in a neighbouring borough: so that between his pursuits of game, of justice, and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it for amusement every moment of his time is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all other manner of public diversions.

On my arrival I was first conducted into the breakfast-room, which, with some surprise, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes in dishabille, with their hair in papers; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my

lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, by reason the house was so crowded with company during the time of their races, " which, she said, began that very day for the whole " week, and for which they were immediately preparing." I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices, at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and equipages were ready we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just as the ordinary was making its appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game, green fruit, and grapeless wines, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and suits of clothes, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race ground where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened but that, amongst much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs and no necks were broken: and from these Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pickpockets, lasted till it was dark, we galloped back to the Town, through a soaking shower; to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task; nor could I possibly accomplish it before my clothes were quite dried upon my back: my servant staying behind to settle his betts, and having stowed my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not

not find, to save himself both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at last equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the savour of a neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow-candles, rum punch, and tobacco, dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia from many sweet creatures who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well-dressed, and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased, and more desirous of pleasing; that is happier in themselves, and civiler to each other, I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable young men, whose faces I remembered to have seen about Town, who could neither dance drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room in a hat and negligee, with her back against the wall, her arms akimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer on her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not recollect where; but have since learned, that she had been toast-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour astonished most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say, "It was pity they were so proud; for to be sure they were prodigious well-bred people, and had an im-

" mense deal of wit:" a mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negas about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coachhorses were immediately degraded to a cart; and having rested during our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour while we were at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for though I hurried immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom he had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of refreshment after a night's debauch rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently

presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury Lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate, I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpassional dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London : but I soon found my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of Sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal ; and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep, and it was well I did : for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking, and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*frightful—ridiculous—Friesland hen—vouge—Red Lion at Brentford—stays padded—Ram's Horn—fancy minx—impertinent cock—*comb. I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found the same polite company, who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of their friends with whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with a *how-d'ye* from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

In this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward, of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last : for at the conclusion of it, Sir

John obligingly requested me to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full moon he should pay and receive all their neighbouring, visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, & playing at cards all night. My Lady added with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in Town. My friend said, he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go till after tomorrow: for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening: which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodging next door to a braiser's at Charing-cross.

Story of an unfortunate Clergyman.

I AM the same clergyman who troubled you with an account of his misfortunes in your paper, and

and am indebted to your kind publication of that letter for the ease and happiness which, with only one single interruption, I have enjoyed ever since. My uncommon, and I hope I may say, unmerited distresses, recommended me to the notice of a noble Lord, who called to see me at my lodgings, brought me home to his Lordship's own house, and honoured me so far as to make me his domestic chaplain. His Lordship's regard for me was so truly sincere, that he married me soon after to my Lady's woman, a young person of admirable beauty and virtue, and a great favourite of my Lord, because, as his Lordship used to tell me, she was a clergyman's daughter, and, for what reason he knew not extremely hated by his Lady. But my good fortune did not end here: his Lordship, whose nature is never to be tired with doing good, was so very obliging as to take us a little house, ready furnished, in a retired and pleasant part of the Town, paying the rent of it himself, and making us considerable presents from time to time: he was also so very condescending as to spend two or three evenings in a week with us, and frequently to take my wife with him into the chariot for an afternoon's airing, as she had the misfortune, soon after our marriage, of labouring under an ill state of health, which, as we all feared, would terminate in a dropsy.

His Lordship was still kinder to me in other affairs, insomuch that in less than two months after our marriage he sent me into the west, with thirty guineas in my pocket, to supply the place of a worthy clergyman whom my Lord had sent for to Town upon
particula

particular business; and because the ill health of my wife required a little country air, his Lordship proposed taking lodgings for her at Knightbridge during my absence, where she was daily to be attended by his own physician.

At the end of six weeks his Lordship was pleased to recall me to Town, where I had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding my wife returned to her house perfectly cured of her disorder, with only a little paleness remaining from the violent remedies prescribed to her by her physician. I had the additional happiness of finding his Lordship with my wife waiting my return, and to be honoured with his thanks for the faithful discharge of my trust, together with a promise of the very first living that should fall within his gift.

I mention these things, Sir, to the honour of my noble benefactor, who ever since my marriage, which is now three years ago, has been lavishing his favours upon me: who has been so very condescending to stand godfather in person to my two children, and to take every opportunity of making me happy by his visits. But I am not entering into a particular detail of the pleasures I enjoy: I have another motive for troubling you with this letter.

His Lordship, the beginning of this month, was pleased, amongst the many instances of his goodness, to procure for me a chaplainship in one of the regiments now in Scotland; and as my attendance was immediately necessary, and my wife too far gone with child to think of going with me, as soon as I had prepared every thing for my journey, I sent an advertisement

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certisement to the Daily Advertiser, in the following words:

"Wanted, an agreeable companion in a post chaise to Edinburgh. Enquire for the Reverend W. B. at the Green park Coffeehouse, Piccadilly. Note, The utmost expedition will be necessary."

The next morning, as I was reading a newspaper in the coffee room, I heard a young gentleman, of a very modest and decent appearance, inquiring at the bar for the Reverend Mr W.B. I told him that I was the person, and calling for a couple of dishes of coffee, we sat down together, and entered upon the subject of the advertisement. He assured me, that if his friends did not flatter him, he was a very agreeable companion; that he had business of consequence to transact at Edinburgh; that he was particularly pleased to find, by the advertisement, that I was a clergyman, having a great veneration for gentlemen of that function; that he had entertained thoughts of becoming one himself, was a near relation of the Bishop of —, and though young, as he appeared, he was never so happy as when engaged in serious conversation with a worthy divine. He was pleased to add, that he saw something in my appearance which entitled me to that character, and that he did not doubt of being greatly edified during so long a journey. Many civilities passed on my side in return; and, in the end, it was agreed that we should set out that very evening at six o'clock. He was punctual to his appointment, with a servant on horseback, leading a handsome gelding for his master, who with two young gentlemen, his friends, were waiting for me at the inn, I could

could not help observing, while the chaise was getting ready, that these young gentlemen were taking a good deal of pains to stifle a laugh, which, on our stepping into the carriage, they were no longer able to contain: but I made no remarks upon their behaviour, and we set out upon our journey.

We reached Ware that night, without any thing happening worthy of remark, except that we were stoppt upon the road by two young gentlemen on horseback, and interrupted in a very serious conversation by their saluting my companion with "Z — ds
" Jack! what playing the saint, and travelling to heaven with a parson!" My fellow traveller gave them a look of contempt, and after assuring them that he had not the honour of knowing them, and pulling up the glass, ordered the postillion to drive on.

Our evening at Ware was spent in remarks on the dissoluteness of the times, and the indecent liberties that wild and profligate young fellows were every where taking with the clergy. After much serious discourse, and moderate refreshment, we retired to rest. I slept longer than usual in the morning, and no sooner was I awake than I discovered, with equal confusion and surprise, that I was in bed with a woman who, as I attempted to get up, threw her arms about my neck, and compelled me to lie down. The struggle and the noise I made upon this occasion, together with the screams of the woman, who still held me fast, alarmed the whole inn, and drew a crowd of spectators into the room headed by my companion, and followed by a soldier, who owned himself the husband

of

of the woman, swearing that he would have my heart's blood for corrupting the chastity of his wife. I pleaded my innocence to an unbelieving audience, while the woman accused me of having forced her against her will; pretending that it was her misfortune overnight to be a little in liquor, and that she had mistaken the room I lay in for her own.

To dwell no longer than is needful upon this disgraceful affair, I was in the end compelled to give a guinea to the soldier, and afterwards to submit with patience to the insults of a mob, who surrounded the inn at our entrance into the post-chaise, and followed it with hootings to the very extremity of the town.

From the passive behaviour of my companion at the inn, and the demure looks that he now put on, I began to harbour a suspicion of him not greatly to his advantage: and while I was deliberating in what manner to address him, an accident happened, which at once threw him off his guard, and discovered to me, that instead of an agreeable companion I was travelling with a fiend. This accident was the sudden and violent overturning of the post chaise; upon which occasion, though neither of us was hurt, he discharged such a volley of curses on the postillion as made me tremble to hear him. I endeavoured to pacify him by the gentlest admonitions, which instead of calming his anger, turned it all upon myself; and amidst a thousand oaths and imprecations, he vowed revenge upon my head, telling me that he hated a parson as he hated Old Nic; that he had bribed the soldier's whore to go bed to me at the Inn

inn, and that he came out upon no other business than to play the devil with me all the way. I stood aghast at what I heard, and refused getting into the chaise again; upon which a struggle ensued, and blows passed between us; till by the assistance of his servant, and the knavery of the postillion, whom he gained over to his side with a whole handful of silver, I was thrust into the chaise, and compelled to go on.

We had scarce travelled a mile before we overtook a couple of gypsies upon the road; one an old woman, the other a girl. They were all over rags and filth, and so intoxicated with liquor that they reeled every step. My companion called to the postillion to stop, and after questioning these wretches about the way they were going, got out of the chaise, and told me that he could not in charity sit lolling at his ease while two of the tender sex were walking barefoot on the road; and that if I had no weighty objections he would make the old lady an offer of his seat, and miss, as he was pleased to call her, might with great conveniency sit upon my knee. It was in vain for me to expostulate, or to attempt leaping after him: his servant held me fast by the arm, handed the creatures into the chaise, and then mounting his horse, rode close by its side, talking obscenity to the wretches, and instructing them to behave to me in a manner not to be endured nor described.

In this manner we passed through the villages, and entered Royston, the postillion being ordered to walk his horses gently to the inn, that we might be followed by a mob whom my companion called to

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at every turning to smother the parson and his
doxies.

I stepped from the chaise amidst the hallooing of
the rabble and ran into a room, the door of which
I locked. Here I determined to remain, or to fly to
the magistrate for protection had not my tormentor
made his appearance at the window, telling me, that
as the joke was now at an end, and as he believed I
had enough of an agreeable companion, he had alter-
ed his intention of visiting Scotland; and should re-
turn to Town that morning. I thanked him for the
favour, but kept close to my room, till I saw him
with his servant ride out of the inn, and take the
road to London. I then ordered some refreshment to
be brought me, and a post chaise to be in readiness;
but how great was my astonishment, when feeling,
for my purse, which contained forty guineas at my
setting out, I found that my pockets had been rifled
and that I had not so much as a brass farthing left
me!

As it was no doubt with me, that the gypsies had
robbed me, I made immediate inquiry after them, but
learnt that they had disappeared on our arrival at the
inn; and though the most diligent search was made
for them, they were no where to be found.

It was now impossible for me to proceed; I there-
fore determined to be where I was till I could receive
a fresh supply from my wife, to whom I dispatched
a messenger with a letter, setting forth at large all
the cruelties I had met with.

When the messenger was gone it occurred to me
that however ill my companion had used me, he

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could

could not be base enough to concert this robbery with the gypsies, and therefore might be inclined to make up my loss, upon knowing that I had sustained it. For this reason I determined once more to transmit my complaints to you: that if the young gentleman has any one principle of honour remaining, he may send to your house the sum I have been defrauded of. My demand upon him is for seven and-thirty guineas, which unless he pays within six days after the publication of this letter, I will forthwith print his name in the newspapers, and proclaim to the public the injuries he has done me.

I have another reason for giving you this trouble which is to caution all gentlemen for the future against advertising in the papers for an agreeable companion in a post chaise; as it consoles me not a little that I am enabled to make other people wise, even by my own misfortunes. I am,

SIR,

Your obliged,
and most faithful servant,
W. B.



On the degeneracy of the human nature.

IF we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the assertions of some reputable authors, both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: every age has degenerated; and from the fall of the first man, my unfortunate ancestor our species has been tumbling on, century

century by century, from bad to worse, about six thousand years.

Considering this progressive state of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worse with us at present; since, geometrically speaking, the human ought by this time to have sunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable species, which are neither of them supposed to have dwindled or degenerated considerably, except in a very few instances: for it must be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to those of Dodona, our breed of horses to that of the Centaurs, and our breed of fowls to that of the Phœnixes.

But is this really the case? Certainly not. It is only one of those many errors which are artfully scattered by the designs of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of many. The moving exclamation of—*these sad times! this degenerate age!* the affecting lamentations over *declining virtue* and *triumphant vice*, and the tender and final farewell bidden every day to unrewarded and discouraged public spirit, arts and sciences, are the common place topics of the pride, the envy, and the malignity, of the human heart, that can more easily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear cotemporary and contiguous merit. Men of these mean sentiments have always been the satirists of their own, and the panegyrists of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whistle all day long.

As it has constantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or, if I could not, to expose the vi-

ces of the human heart, it shall be the object of this paper to examine this strange inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age. I shall prove it to be forged, and consequently null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

If I loved to jingle, I would say, that human nature has always been invariably the same, though always varying ; that is, the same in substance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent causes of which, perhaps we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, severally contribute to change those modes ; but in all climates, and in all ages, we discover through them the same passions, affections, and appetites, and the same degree of virtues and vices.

This being unquestionably the true state of the case, which it would be endless to bring instances to prove from the histories of all times and of all nations, I shall by the way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the designing, proceed to explain the reasons, which I have but just hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worst and most degenerate.

Authors, especially poets, though great men, are alas ! but men ; and like other men, subject to the weaknesses of human nature, though perhaps, in a less degree : but it is however certain, that their breasts are not absolutely strangers to the passions of jealousy, pride, and envy. Hence it is that they are very apt to measure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them

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them the better the longer they have been dead. The Augustan age is therefore their favourite æra, being at least seventeen hundred years distant from the present. That Emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too ; and Mæcenæ, his first minister, was both a patron and a poet ; he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened, men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace : no small encouragement for panegyric. These were times indeed for Genius to display itself in ! It was honoured, tasted, and rewarded. But now ——— *O tempora ! O mores !* One must however do justice to the authors who thus declaim against their own times, by acknowledging that they are seldom the aggressors ; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their resentment, not their judgment, if they have any, that speaks this language. Anger and despair make them endeavour to lower that merit, which, till brought very low indeed, they are conscious they cannot equal.

There is another and more numerous set of much greater men who still more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption and the degeneracy of the present age. These are the consummate volunteers, but unregarded and unrewarded, politicians, who, at a modest computation, amount to at least three millions of souls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to steer the great vessel of the state, and to take upon themselves the whole load of business and burthen of employments for the service of their dear country. The administration for the time being is always the worst

the most incapable, the most corrupt, that ever was, and negligent of every thing but their own interest, Where are now your Cecils and your Walsinghams? Those who ask that question could answer it, if they would speak out, Themselves: For they are all that, and more too.

I slept the other day, in order only to inquire how my poor country did, into a coffeehouse, that is without dispute the seat of the soundest politics in this great metropolis, and sat myself down within ear-shot of the principal council table. Fortunately for me, the president, a person of age, dignity, and becoming gravity, had just begun to speak. He stated with infinite perspicuity and knowledge the present state of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable situation of our own. He traced with his fingers upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the continent, calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on, and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying, Things were not carried on in this way in Queen Elizabeth's days; the public was considered, and able men were consulted and employed, These were days! Aye, Sir, and nights too, I presume, (said a young fellow who stood near him), some longer and some shorter, according to the variation of the seasons;

"Seasons; pretty much like ours." Mr President was a little surpris'd at the suddenness and pertness of the interruption; but, recomposing himself, answered with that cool contempt that becomes a great man. "I did not mean astronomical days, but political ones." The young fellow replied, "O then, Sir, I am your servant," and went off in a laugh.

Thus informed and edified I went off too, but could not help reflecting on my way upon the singular ill luck of this my dear country, which, as long as ever I remember it and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be trusted. But these reflections were soon interrupted by numbers of people, whom I observed crowding into a public house. Among them I discovered my worthy friend and tailor, that industrious mechanic, Mr Regnier. I applied to him to know the meaning of that concourse: to which, with his usual humanity, he answered, "We are the master tailors, who are to meet to night to consider what was to be done about our journey-men, who insult and impose upon us, to the great detriment of the trade." I asked him whether, under his protection, I might slip in and hear their deliberations. He said, Yes, and welcome; for that they should do nothing to be ashamed of. I profited of this permission, and following him into the room, found a considerable number of these ingenious artists assembled; and waiting only for the arrival of my friend, who it seems was too considerable for business to begin without him. He accordingly took the lead, opened

opened the meeting with a very handsome speech, in which he gave many instances of the insolence, the unreasonableness, and the exorbitant demands, of the journeymen tailors, and concluded with observing, " that if the government minded any thing " now-a-days but themselves, such abuses would not " have been suffered; and had they been but " attempted in Queen Elizabeth's days, she " would have worked them with a witness." Another orator then rose up to speak; but as I was sure that he could say nothing better than what had just fallen from my worthy friend, I stole off unobserved and was pursuing my way home, when, in the very next street, I discovered a much greater number of people (though, by their dress, of seemingly inferior note) rushing into another public house. As numbers always excite my curiosity almost as much as they mutually do each others passions, I crowded in with them, in order to discover the object of this meeting, not without some suspicion that this frequent senate might be composed of the journeymen tailors, and convened in opposition to that which I had just left. My suspicion was soon confirmed by the eloquence of a journeyman, a finisher, I presume, who expatiated with equal warmth and dignity upon the injustice and oppression of the master tailors, to the utter ruin of thousands of poor journeymen and their families; and concluded with asserting, " it was " a shame that the government and the parliament " did not take notice of such abuses; and that had " the master tailors done these things in Queen Elizabeth's

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I confess I could not help smiling at this singular conformity of sentiments, and almost of expressions, of the master politicians, the master tailors, and the journeymen tailors. I am convinced that the two latter really and honestly believed what they said; it not being in the least improbable that their understandings should be the dupes of their interest: but I will not so peremptorily answer for the interior conviction of the political orator; though, at the same time, I must do him the justice to say, he seemed full dulk enough to be very much in earnest.

The several scenes of this day suggested to me when I got home various reflections, which, perhaps, I may communicate to my readers in some future paper.



History of a young Adventurer.

AS the history of my life may be of some service to many of your readers, I shall relate it with all the openness and simplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and mistakes of my conduct they will pass over those of my style. I am no scholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother, instead of porverling or playing with other boys, I went a visiting with her; and while she and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they passed a considerable part of the day, I read such books as I found lying about her room; the chief
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of which were the *Atalantis*, *Ovid's Art of Love* novels, romances, miscellaneous poems, and plays. From these studies I contracted an early taste for gallantry; and as nothing pleased me so much as the comedies of the last age, my thoughts were constantly engrossed with the enviable situation of the heroes of those pieces. Your *Dorimants* and your *Horners* struck my imagination beyond the brightest characters in *Pope's Homer*; and though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themselves amends, by visiting their friends at *Troy* and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and such the examples which I looked up to: and having manifest advantages of person, I entertained most extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet even in the height of those extravagancies I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I solicited; much less should I have been persuaded that such uncommon success could be productive of any thing but consummate happiness. The history of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuse to record it, with a view of showing what a succession of trouble, distress, and misery, arose from the very completion of my desires.

I was precipitately sent to *Oxford*, on being discovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was excessive, this separation was inexpressibly painful; and I learned from it, that past joys were no consolation for present disappointment. I found the university life so

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little suited to my taste, that I soon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week in Town I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took so great a fancy to, that the very violence of my passion made me despair of success. I was, however, so agreeably disappointed, that I could scarce conceal the transports of joy which possession gave me : but this joy was more than balanced, when at the end of some months I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my desires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be restrained; and honour, which altho' it had stopt the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a loose to my concern. I bewailed with remorse and tears the shame and misery of deluded innocence, and cursed myself as the author of so much ruin and infamy. I spared no expense to render her unhappy situation as comfortable as it could be made, and shut myself up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increased our mutual shame, by giving birth to a little negro, which though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conscience, put me to an immoderate expense in bribes to the nurses to keep the secret of my disgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almost spoiled me for a man of gallantry ; but I soon lost all remembrance of ill usage in the innocent smiles and gentle sweetness of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and constancy. Our mutual fondness made it impossible for us to bear that separation which discretion required : as she gave up all her ac-

quaintance for my sake, she soon found herself abandoned by them ; so that our constant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an absolute necessity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if possible, increase my tenderness, had so different an effect upon her temper, as to cause a total change of behaviour to me and all about her : she stormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company ; yet if ever I went from her upon the most urgent business, she would throw herself into fits, and upbraid me with the most bitter reproaches. On my being sent for to attend my mother in her last moments, she threatened, with horrid imprecations, that, if I left her then I should never see her more. I had scarce broke from her menaces when she flew from her lodgings in an agony of passion, and has not been heard of since.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who visited her, and who had cast an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occasion, to make some advances towards me. Whenever we met, her discourse always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taste which she showed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels ; and this conversation as constantly ended in an assignation at her house. Though I was at first a little proud to find my presents meet so ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progress of this amour ; especially when I began to perceive that the strongest recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found also that a declaration which I had made of not lov-
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ing cards did not contribute to strengthen my interest in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me, and I thought myself, then, at the height of my wishes ; for she managed so discreetly, that we had not the least interruption from her husband at home : but her conduct abroad was a perpetual scene of indiscretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to stir from her side. She would carry me to the most frequented plays, and keep me in a whisper during the most interesting scenes. Not satisfied with this, she made me walk with her eternally in the Park, the Old Road, and Kensington-gardens; and to complete her triumph, she dragged me, a miserable object ! about the streets of London, with the same pitiless ostentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeless carcase of Hector round the walls of Troy. To complete my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* established a new mode of gallantry, and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new fashion, and attend their fair on horseback. Unluckily for me, my mother, not suspecting that horsemanship would ever become, here, a requisite in gallantry, had made it no part of my English education : therefore, being an absolute novice, I procured the quietest beast that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted : but I soon found my mistake, for the dulness of the beast tended to bring a most disgraceful suspicion on the spirit of the rider ; and I was obliged, at all events, to undertake a more mettlesome steed. The consequence

was this ; the moment I joined my mistress she drew out her handkerchief, which, fluttering in the wind, so frightened my horse, that he carried me directly into the serpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and disgrace, her horse, which had started at the same time, ran a different way, and as she was no otherwise qualified for a rider but by the consciousness of being a woman of fashion, she was thrown against a tree, and killed on the spot. The remembrance of her fondness for me, though so troublesome while living, was the cause of great affliction to me after her death ; and it was near a twelvemonth before I settled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who though she did not give me the same occasion of complaint as the last, created me no less pain by turning the tables upon me, instead of requiring my constant attendance, she would complain that I haunted and dogged her ; and would frequently secret herself, or run on purpose into suspicious company, purely to give me uneasiness. Though confessedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the most worthless pretenders have been let in : and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which she liked, she has refused them, and accepted of an invitation to a dull play, with the most despicable of my rivals when we had been at the same table at cards, she has made it remarked by the whole assembly that her eyes and her discourse have been industriously kept from me ; and such has been her cruelty, that when I have desired the honour of walking with her the next morning, she has answered with a significant

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sneer, she was very sorry she should not have my company, for she intended to ride. With all this, who could imagine that I was the happy man ! and yet, as I spared no pains nor cost in the inquiry, I can venture to pronounce that no other person whatever shared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be devised for the punishment of poor lovers, there are none so excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

Not to detain you with a farther detail of the plagues and inquietudes, the discoveries, expences, fines, and dangers, which are incident to gallantry in general, I shall only tell you that I at last perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus but under the auspices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices against the conjugal state, so long despised, insulted, and injured by me, was the great difficulty : but as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguished my unalterable love for the sex, I found, upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only resource, and that I should run no great risk in exchanging the real for the imaginary pains of love.

Having taken this resolution, I slept into the ridotto fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertised for the young lady in blue and silver, requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffeehouse, received a letter for A. B. and in the space of a few months, from being a restless, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myself a husband, a cuckold, and a happy man.

I lived ten years in a state of perfect tranquillity ; and I can truly say, that I once met with a woman who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with constant attention and complacency.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. Z.

Story of Agamem.

TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which without farther apology or introduction may, perhaps, be favourably received in your Book.

My mother died when I was very young ; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible ; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices : I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong ; but I now opposed the re-

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monstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to probe that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the oeconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of inumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry: In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage: but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the

the quiet, independence and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore, made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she intreated me to let her

her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify; my visits, therefore became less frequent; but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire

desire to make some inquiry after her ; and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched ; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up : but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility ; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I have seen many generations perish ; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Guper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birthday with some friends at a tavern ; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming

ming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's : she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented : she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child : for I remembered; that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little NANCY's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprize and concern ; she enquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me ; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid: but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up ; first held her at a distance ; then catching her in my arms,

sims, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardor of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye: had been
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atched to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy ; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep ; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived ! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me ; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance : but I want words. Farewell.

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